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To raise again the prayerful song:

"Unto the Lord our God belong

Mercy and pardon."

Man cannot by his works alone

His load of guilt annul.

Let him with prayers besiege the throne

Of Heaven most merciful.

To those who seek him earnestly,

In penitent humility,

The Lord our God will multiply

Mercy and pardon.

O'er heaven above, o'er earth below,

His wide extended blessings flow,

Then raise with joy the prayerful song:

"Yea to the Lord our God belong

Mercy and pardon."

ALICE LUCAS.

HYMNS FOR THE EVE OF ATONEMENT.

I.

From even ascendeth our cry,

From dawn it soareth on high,

To even it rendeth the sky.

From even ascendeth our voice,

From dawn thy "jewels" rejoice,

To even, the sons of thy choice.

From even ascendeth our wail,

From dawn with petition we hail,

To eve, that sweet song may avail.

From even ascendeth our light,

From dawn is thy refuge our might,

At eve let thy pardon alight.

From even ascendeth "We crave,"

From dawn with Thy purity lave,

To eve, with thy Presence, oh, save!

From even ascendeth "Recall,"
From dawn all prostrate we fall,
At eve is thy glory our pall.

From even ascendeth our quest,
From dawn may our seeking be bless'd,
At eve may our search sleep in rest.

From even ascendeth a tear,
From dawn it speedeth thee near,
At even let pardon appear.

ELSIE DAVIS.

II.

Lo! as the potter mouldeth plastic clay,
To forms his varying fancy doth display;
So in thy hand, O God of grace, are we:
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the mason's hand the block doth hew
To shapes sublime, or into fragments strew;
So in thy hand, O God of life, are we:
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the smith the rigid steel hath bent,
Softened with fire and wrought with strength unspent,
So in thy hand, O God of might, are we:
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the seaman's hand doth cast or weigh
The pond'rous anchor in the foaming spray;
So in thy hand, O God of pardon, we:
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the worker melteth vitreous flow,
And biddeth blossoms from the crystal blow;
So in thy hand, O God of love, are we:
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the embroid'rer's hand the robe hath made,
At will in lines of beauty, light, and shade;

So in thy hand, O God of fear, are we :
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the smelter fuseth silv'ry vein,
Removing dross, that naught impure remain ;
So in thy hand, O God of healing, we :
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the potter mouldeth plastic clay
To forms his varying fancy doth display ;
So in Thy hand, O God of grace, are we :
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

ELSIE DAVIS.

I AM THE SUPPLIANT.

From the Hebrew of Baruch ben Samuel.

*A Selicha recited in the Musaph service on
the Day of Atonement.*

I am the suppliant for my people here,
Yea, for the House of Israel, I am he ;
I seek my God's benign and heedful ear,
For words that rise from me.

Amid the walls of hearts that stand around¹
My bitter sighs swell up and mount the sky ;
Ah! how my heart doth pant with ceaseless bound
For God, my Rock on high.

With mighty works and wondrous hath he wrought,
Lord of my strength, my God. When me he bade
To make a sanctuary for him, I sought,
I laboured, and 't was made.

The Lord my God, he hath fulfilled his word,
He ruleth as an all-consuming fire ;
I came with sacrifice, my prayer he heard,
Then granted my desire.

¹ Jer. iv. 19.